

STONES FOR GRAVES

SOME NEW STYLES IN MONUMENTS AT BEAUTIFUL CROWN HILL.

Effect of the New Rules in Keeping the Cemetery Neat—Some Old Relics.

Fashions in grave stones? Well, yes. Perhaps the architecture for monuments is not so diversified as that of houses, nor does it change as often as a man's coat, but that the stones in the cemetery are of the same general form as they were a decade or more ago is not so. The shafts which tower to the sky and whose tops are hidden in the leaves of the trees will always be the favorite style for those persons who desire to spend several thousands of dollars for them and for handsome carvings and figures with which to adorn the top.

Since the sarcophagus was placed in Crown Hill for General Canby several others have been added to the cemetery. The sarcophagus of the ancients was built of a stone and the bodies placed therein. The sarcophagus of to-day is simply a large square or oblong stone placed over a grave, or in the center of the lot for a family monument. The stone which forms the ornamental part is set on two or three bases of stone. The Cleopatra shaft has had many imitators and unless there is to be some figure or design surrounding the shaft this style is chosen almost entirely. The very newest design for the tall monuments is called the needle spire. This is more slender and runs up to a point. When one is willing to spend a considerable amount for a monument the tall ones are favored. The low solid-looking stones are more numerous, as they are less expensive. The medium height shafts are relegated to the country graveyards. Some of the dealers have them in stock to supply the demand of those who have not yet caught up with the fashion in stones, just as the city merchants keep standard materials and patterns on hand for the country trade. The very first stone which was put in Crown Hill, the grave for which was sold before any other, is marked by a tall flat stone with the name and date, and the design, a weeping willow, is cut in the side. There used to be an old song, the refrain of which was "Lay Me Under the Weeping Willow." The tree was thought to be particularly appropriate. The one mentioned is about the only one in Crown Hill monument.

The cemetery corporation has decided to make Crown Hill similar to the beautiful and famous cemeteries of the country, and for the purpose of entire new sets of rules and regulations have been prepared and sent out to the owners of lots and others. The cemetery is one of the favorite places for taking visitors, and many persons have thought it one of the most beautiful in the country. There has, however, been a lack of harmony in the whole, and for this reason the new order has been made. The idea is simply to make the city of the dead even more lovely than in life. Many of the persons who own lots and have planted flowers, shrubbery and other growing things have felt hurt that they were not allowed this privilege no more. When they see this perfect order in which everything will be kept, they will be very apt to change their minds.

Among the prohibitory rules are these: There shall be no planting of trees, shrubbery or plants on and after Nov. 1, 1894; lots shall be used for no other purpose than for the burial of the dead; no offensive or improper inscriptions or monuments will be allowed; no trellises will be allowed; no inclosures of any kind; no plants of any kind to mark the boundary of one head or foot stone, and this not more than one foot high and not less than four inches thick; one monument will be allowed on a lot, and there shall be no curbing around the graves. This means after the date named there will be no marked change in Crown Hill. The graves are to be lowered to four inches in the center, sloping on each side to the general surface of the place.

CARE FOR ALL GRAVES.

The cemetery company will take entire charge of the cemetery and keep the place in perfect order. There will be no flowers or dead flowers and other articles left on the graves to decay and make a blot on the general neatness. Some of the graves get no care, and they are the ones which will be most benefited by the new rules. There are prohibitory laws, but there are also some allowances to be made. Lot holders may have vases of flowers, and those who care to place flowers in a vase or glass or other receptacle on the graves will be permitted, with the reservation that when the flowers are withered or decayed they will be removed by the men whose duty it is to see to those things.

There are in Crown Hill between 20,000 and 25,000 interments. The vast majority of the persons buried have been placed there by relatives or friends. The custom of sending flowers for funerals has been long in vogue, but the remembrance for the dead are not limited to flowers. Hundreds of graves have nothing but the green turf above them. Some have a single vase for flowers, which are brought in at intervals, and from this the range is great. A walk in Crown Hill will bring forth some discoveries. Some may be of a startling nature. Some bring a smile, and another class will bring forth a feeling of great pity. There are graves which have at their head a small show case. The person buried evidently was a child, for the case contains a doll carriage with a large doll and two small ones, a set of dishes, a plate, cup and saucer, a saucer full of marbles, shells, set of blocks, a little broom, a flat iron, a slate and pencil, scissors, a doll and a small chair, conch shells, a tin bank, a tin rooster and bead work. Artificial flowers and other articles complete the list. One day a woman who had lost her husband brought out a case and put in a pair of trousers, a pair of suspenders, a bottle, a jug and some trinkets. Whether the man's bulbous nature was a source of pride to her or whether she wanted to make the articles an awful lesson for those who should see them is not known, but this much is sure, that they did not remain there long. The authorities had something to say in the matter. There are numbers of glass cases with wreaths and bunches of artificial flowers. One of them has a very large case covering it, and there are any quantity of bouquets and other floral designs, as well as shells, conch shells and playthings of some child. Many of these cases, which seem to be the style for a certain class of people, contain the photograph of the departed. A glass case cover has been used to cover the articles at one grave, and a Bible, and other similar pieces adorn one plot. Conch shells outline the grave or the plot of many shafts and their pink and white surfaces gleam in the sunshine.

It is for the purpose of doing away with this heterogeneous lot of decorations that the new order was given. Some of the things which have been seen in Crown Hill many years have been taken away since the first notices were sent out, and the work of removal goes on daily. Some of the persons who have been notified have been annoyed at the order and have threatened dire retribution. One woman said that she would not take away the decorations, which had cost her \$2,000, but if the company persisted in carrying out its mandate that they ought to pay her what she has spent and she would move bodies and all away from Crown Hill. When the answer was sent to her that they would pay her, then she assumed the injured air.

GRAVES OF CEMENT.

Most of the burials are made in the earth, but many people have a cement grave to set the coffin in. If stone and cement is not used it is customary to have a wooden box covered with white cloth to resemble stone or marble to place the coffin in. This preserves it for some time. Underground vaults are the ones set deep, and there are surface vaults which are covered with a slab, cemented on. A favorite stone to mark a grave is a block of rough granite with a small place made smooth to bear the name.

An order which was countermanded within a few days cuts Crown Hill out of a monument similar to the one which is to be placed for Alfred Tunnyson on the Isle of Wight. This was an Egyptian cross, a most beautiful design. A shaft was chosen instead. Mr. E. F. Claypool will put up one of the handsomest monuments in Crown Hill within a short time. It will be a ten-thousand-dollar mausoleum. A style of monument which is like the old-fashioned

substantial looking houses is that over the remains of Governor Whitcomb. The stone was one of the first marble monuments in this part of the country, and formerly stood in the old cemetery, Governor Whitcomb, who is a relative of Governor Whitcomb, has the remains moved and the stone from Greenwood to Crown Hill. It is at Mrs. Harrison's grave is one of the handsomest ones of the modern style. An odd monument is a double one, probably made for a husband and wife. It is of polished red granite on gray foundation, and is conspicuous for its form.

The ground where Crown Hill was laid out used to be called Williams' strawberry hill. There are lots and lots of berry bushes there yet, but no one is allowed to touch them. The highest point of the hill, the top of which is the highest point in this vicinity, is the site of the first house Mr. F. W. Chislett occupied when he came to this place to take charge and form Crown Hill. John T. Pressly, who was laid away in the cemetery only a few days ago, owned all of the first timber, which was cut to clear the space for the cemetery. The land owned by the corporation occupies many acres. Part of it is in its wild state. The cemetery has been greatly admired by visitors, and one from Maine who was out here visiting said that he would like to come to Indianapolis to view in order that he might be buried in Crown Hill.

Crown Hill is too modern to have any of the odd inscriptions which are found in many of the cemeteries. One of the most solemn is "Heavenly Father, thank thee for my existence as I am constituted. Confiding in Thy unchangeable wisdom and goodness, I believe as Thou hast kindly given me life and made my life a blessing, so Thou wilt not unkindly make an inevitable death my misfortune."

Some people neglect the resting place of their dead after a time. Some of the stones are covered with mold, and those which have any wood about them are decayed. The new regime will make one just as nice as another, and those who are far away will know that the graves which are dear to them will be kept in as perfect order as if they were here to do it themselves.

The roadways through Crown Hill are as smooth as a floor. They are graveled and the edges are even. There are no uneven places in the miles which are within the grounds. Mr. Chislett hopes to have Capitol avenue, which leads directly to Crown Hill made of the gravel and kept in the order which characterizes the roads at Crown Hill and make the drive from the Statehouse to Crown Hill a thing to be proud of. The space on the west side where there was some talk of having lakes will be made into a park with drives and shrubbery. Some day, possibly near and possibly far in the future, the corporation hopes to have an observatory built on the highest point, which shall overlook the country.

OFFERINGS OF THE POETS.

Settin' the Flags.

This ain't Joe Brown! It is! Why, Joe! You're bent, 'nd gray 'nd so slow, I thought 'twas some old man. But here Furgot I'd been away ten year.

I had to come, Joe. Had to come 'Pur one more Thirtieth of May, For see the boys, 'nd help 'em some In keepin' Decoration day.

But whar ye bound fur this time, Joe? To set the flags? We'll both on 's go 'Nd mark the end o' the march that's done.

'Nd call the roll o' the boys that's gone. Say, Joe, you'n me have come so near 'The still place whar the march is done. They're camped, that we can almost hear 'Em answer their names from Over There.

There's jest ten graves. I 'm member 'em all. Ten men that's answered Detail Call Five flags fur me, 'nd five fur you. What's all the rest fur, then, Joe?

'Nd whar's the rest o' the boys to-day? 'The'r should be twelve on 's, countin' you. I hope they ain't took to stayin' away? That ain't the way they useter do. 'Tain't right! They all had to come To mark the graves fur 'Morial day.

No matter 'f work is pushin' some! Why, Joe! You're cryin'! What ails ye, Joe?

What's that? Good Lord! That can't be so! All dead but us? Why, Joe—But that, That couldn't be outside o' war.

Did fall in battle? Yes—your right. We've all been in a long, hard fight. They fell in battle. Yes that's so. To mark the graves fur 'Morial day.

'An', Joe, I'll bet Not one o' 'em boys ever let The colors outen 's sight.

Well, Joe. We've got these flags to set. They're two of us walkin' 'nd you keep. To stan' guard over them that sleep. But which of us, Joe, 'd ye s'pose Will set the flag fur the next that goes?

—James C. Purdy, in Kate Field's Paper.

Mary's Hour. Beside her knee He stands, a little Child, Learning to read; one finger on the Book; In the divine, uplifted glance, the look That only Innocence wears, so sweet, so mild.

And yet so sad withal that something stirs Deep down in Mary's heart, that well of love. Ye know it, stricken mothers. He was here—Her only one, her Beautiful, her Dove.

Ah, He is smiling now. A flood of peace Breaks o'er her soul. Let her be glad to-day. All bloodless yet the Lamb's unspotted fleece.

This is her hour, and Calvary far away. Close to her cheek she feels His baby breath; Full many a springtime lies 'twixt them and death. —Mary E. Mannix, in Ave Maria.

The Lily. A lily said to a threatening cloud, Which in sternest garb arrayed him, "You have taken my lord, my lady, and I know not where you have laid him."

So it folded its leaves and trembled sore, As the hours of darkness passed it, And at morn, like a bird in beauty shone, For with its own hands it had raised it.

Then it felt ashamed of its fretful thought, And fain in the dust would have ceased it. For the night of weeping had jewels brought, Which the pride of the day denied it. —Valdosta (Ga.) Telescope.

Rhapsody. As the mother bird to the waiting nest, As the regnant moon to the sea, As joy to the heart that hath first been blest, So is my love to me.

Sweet as the song of the lark that soars From the net of the fowler free, Sweet as the morning that song adores—So is my love to me. —Florence Earle Coates.

On the Battlefield. The sun rose over a field of wheat, And warmed the breath of an early day. The smiling flowers made the morning sweet.

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London has a population of 5,556,000. On the longest day snow forty feet thick has been known along the summit of Mount Kosciuszko, Austria's highest peak, in the reign of Henry VIII.

At Flemingsburg, Ky., a woman had to pay \$10 damages to another woman for placing a bent pin in her church pew.

Most of the Belgian blocks used for paving in this country come from Stone Mountain, a solid granite elevation in Georgia.

An old woman was brought before the magistrates of Manchester, England, recently, on the charge of drunkenness for the 191st time.

The Lord Mayors of London during the last twenty years have collected a little over \$20,000,000 for charitable and benevolent purposes.

Alms-houses, as a State institution, did not originate until after the suppression of the monasteries in England during the reign of Henry VIII.

Richmond, Va., has grown so fast that some of the fortifications constructed outside of the city during the war are now within the city limits.

There are in this country eighteen incorporated cremation societies, and during the past ten years about three thousand cremations have been taken care of.

Iceland is one of the few countries that has a smaller population now than it had twenty years ago. Last summer about six hundred persons emigrated.

Thirty-five years ago Mrs. Milton Stevenson, of Georgetown, Ky., ran a piece of lamp glass for a week. Last week the glass was taken out at the elbow.

Lamp mirrors are now made for toilet purposes by a secret process which makes them so tough that even if touched with a red-hot iron, they will not crack.

The largest mammoth found in Siberia measured 17 feet long and 12 feet in height. The tusks weighed 860 pounds. The head without the tusks weighed 41 pounds.

When cats wash their ears more than usual it is an indication that they are unwell. It indicates good luck to the bride, while if it sneezes thrice a cold will run through the bride.

The "Vinegar Bible" is so called from an error in Luke xx. "Parable of the Vineyard" appeared as "Parable of the Vineyard" in the Revised Version of the Bible in 1881.

A new industry has been started in this country, that of making glass brushes. The kind used by china decorators for burnishing the gliding on china. They were formerly made in Germany.

The average whale is from fifty to sixty-five feet in length and thirty-five feet in circumference. The jawbones are twenty feet long, the longest New England whale has been known to yield almost a ton of oil.

It was to the tobacco trade that Glasgow first drew its importance in the world of commerce. This trade began in 1707, and seventy years later Glasgow was importing more than half the tobacco consumed in Britain.

A dark-eyed man was kept for fifteen years in an unlighted dungeon in Salzburg, Austria. During that time he never saw a human face. When he came forth into daylight it was noticed that his black eyes had become blue.

The grave announcement is made by a spiritualistic periodical that it has secured "extraordinary" proof of the existence of Shakespeare in the spirit world, and that any alleged communications from the dramatist appearing elsewhere are spurious.

The thinnest sheet of iron ever rolled has recently been turned out at the Hallam works, near Swansea, Wales. It has a surface of fifty-five square inches and weighs but twenty grains. It would take 1,800 such sheets to make a layer an inch thick.

The increase of wealth in the far Western States during the past half century has been extraordinary. In 1840 the average per capita of population was \$107, while in 1890 it was \$4,823. The average in Rhode Island, the richest New England State, was \$1,459 in 1890.

Dr. Finkler, of Bonn, said, in a recent parliamentary discourse on hygiene that of the 500,000 soldiers of Napoleon who perished in the Russian expedition of 1812, 400,000 of victims to infectious diseases, and that in 1806 Prussia lost 5,000 men in battle and 6,000 through preventable diseases.

The population of Melbourne, Australia, at the end of 1893 was 44,823, a decrease of 48.64 as compared with April, 1891. The decrease is due to the industrial depression, from which the city is now beginning to recover. The population of Sydney at the close of last year was 42,000, as compared with 41,770 at the end of 1892.

Good pencil cedar is getting so scarce that the great firm of Faber & Co. have begun to cultivate forests of cedar (Juniperus Virginiana) in Germany. At Schloss Stein there is a cedar forest, which covers thirteen acres, and the head of the firm has, or many years, maintained nurseries and plantations of cedars on his land in the vicinity of Bonn, from seed which he imported from Florida.

The marriage rate in England and Wales during the last quarter of last year was 10.5 per 1,000, a decrease of 0.5 per 1,000 as compared with the corresponding quarter in the preceding ten years was 11.2. It is also noted that the average of the last ten years is far below that of any preceding decennium.

Philadelphia Times. A souffe of strawberries is a dish not to be despised. A layer of the berries should be placed in the bottom of a dish and sprinkled with sugar. Then another layer of strawberries and another of sugar should be added, and the whole allowed to stand for several hours. Then pour over them cold boiled custard and pile whipped cream on top. This should be placed on ice until it is very cold.

Another delicious strawberry dessert is made of strawberry juice, the whites of eggs and powdered sugar. The proportions are two cups of juice to the stiffly beaten whites of twelve eggs and twelve spoons of sugar. This should be served very cold with whipped cream.

Strawberries in jelly make a good dessert. A little gelatine is melted in cold water, and to it is added the juice of a pint of red currants. This is sweetened, about a pint of hulled strawberries are added,

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and the whole poured into molds and set on the ice to harden.

Lady fingers, strawberries and whipped cream make a good dessert. A mold should be lined with lady fingers split in two and moistened with strawberry juice. Strawberries and whipped cream in alternate layers should fill it up, and the whole put on ice and served very cold.

Ripe strawberries mashed and pounded in a bowl of sugar, in the proportion of a pint of berries to one of sugar, allowed to stand, strained, and mixed with a pint of ice water and the juice of one lemon, and frozen, make a delicious water iced.

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

Guessed Right the First Time. Detroit Free Press. She (severely)—Henry, what is a poker chip?

He (frankly)—It's a chip off a poker, I suppose. Did I guess it?

Papeterie. Detroit Free Press. Johnnie—Papa, Mr. Brown said he had some paper to meet to-day; what kind of paper is it?

Papa—Note paper, my son.

Her View of It. Judge. "You live opposite the Vanasters. I believe Mrs. Knickerbock," said Mrs. Cumma.

"No," replied Mrs. Knickerbock stiffly. "The Vanasters live opposite me."

A Disagreeable Habit. Bounder—They say that the Czar of Russia never, under any circumstances, trusts any one.

Rounder—Qad, I'm glad he isn't my tailor.

The Innocence of Youth. Texas Sittings. "Do you love the beauties of nature," said Mrs. Knickerbock to an army officer of one of the belles of San Antonio, Tex.

"Not yet; mother says I am too young to love," was the blushing reply.

Healthy Town. New York Woman—What is the prevailing ail in Chicago just now?

"It was called cholera," believe there is any. We have been remarkably free from epidemics of all kinds this winter.

A Shock. Mistress—Bridget, here's a letter for you from the Dead-letter Office.

Bridget (excitedly)—It's me old mother, I know. She's been allin' fer a long time. Oh, worrall, worrall! worrall! (faints.)

A Delightful Mystery. Hallo. Pat—Falk, but it was a lovely fight in the ring.

Dennis—An' who licked?

Pat—An' it's hard telled, it is, wid both of them in hospital and neither dead yet.

A Mitigating Circumstance. Texas Sittings. Little Benny—Mamma, please let me hold the baby for a minute.

Mother—I am afraid, Benny, you might let her fall.

Little Benny—Well, if she does fall she can't fall very far.

Very Becoming. New York Weekly. Husband—Do you think my full beard is an improvement?

Wife—How much does it save you a week?

Husband—About a dollar.

Wife—Yes, it's an improvement.

Uncerthly. Valet (entering chamber)—I heard you scream, sir. What's the bloomin' row, sir?

Algy—Come in, James. You'd best sit up with me till morning, James. I jest had the frightfullest nightmare. Dwannt I was pwnomenced the avenue without me walkin' stick, James.

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